

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PG-13 80¢



IS THIS THE END OF
VAMPIRELLA?

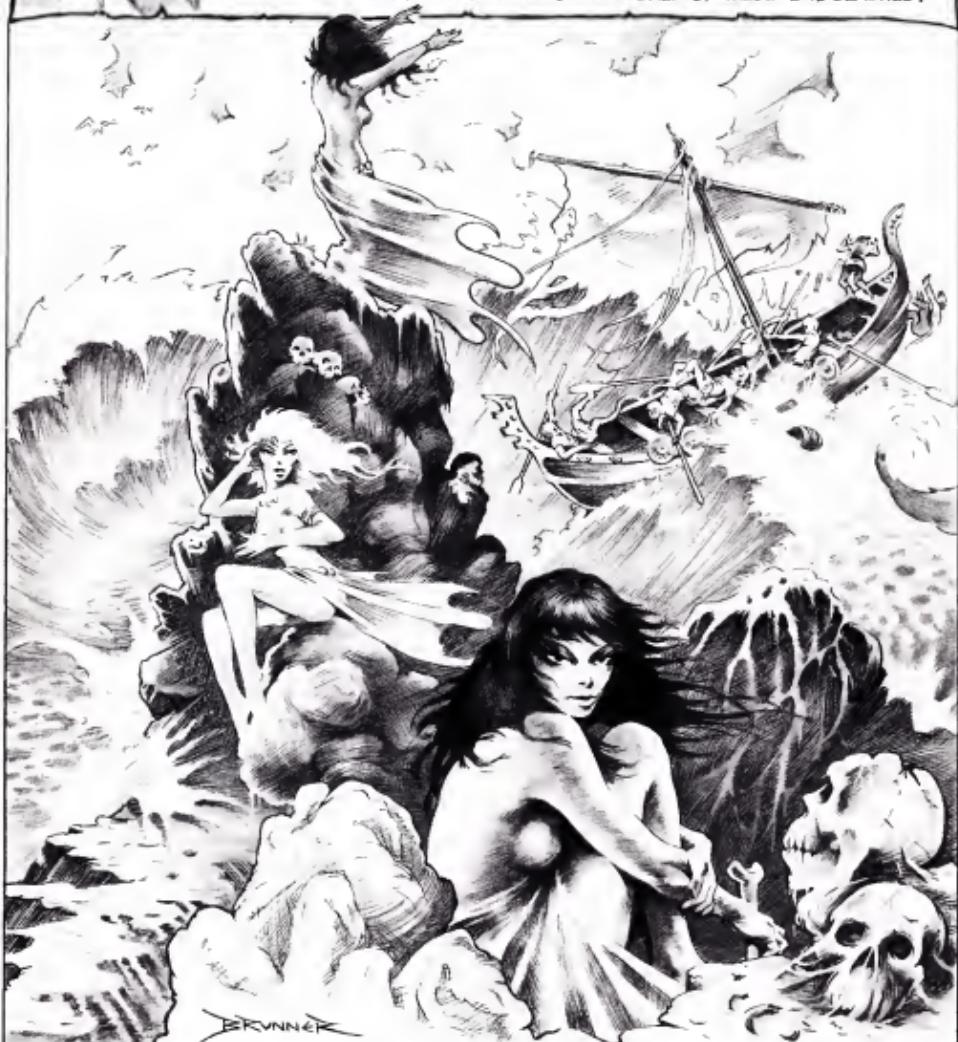
WITH ONE FATAL BURNING TOUCH
THIS SHADOWY WINGED CREATURE
CAN KILL! READ

DEATH'S DARK ANGEL!

VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

THE SIRENS!

LEGEND HAS IT, THAT THERE WERE THREE SIRENS, WHO WITH THEIR SINGING BEGUILLED SAILORS TO THE MEADOWS OF THEIR ISLAND, WHERE THE BONES OF FORMER VICTIMS LAY MOULDERING IN HEAPS! IT IS THOUGHT THEY WERE THE DAUGHTERS OF "PHORCYS" OR HELL, AND THEREFORE FIRST COUSINS TO THE HARPIES. IN HOMER'S EPIC "THE ODYSSEY" THE FORWARDED ULYSSES HAD HIS MEN STUFF BEES WAX IN THEIR EARS, SO AS NOT TO BE SWAYED FROM THEIR COURSE! COUNTLESS LEGENDS OF OTHER LANDS TELL OF EXOTIC ALLURING WOMEN, SINGING AMONG THE ROCKS! SOME SAY THEY WERE HALF BIRD, SOME HALF FISH, OR JUST TOTALY HUMAN! BUT MOST WHO SAW AND HEARD COULD NOT RESIST AND WERE DASHED UPON THE ROCKS! PERHAPS TO BE DEVOURIED BY THESE EVIL BEAUTIES!



VAMPIRELLA

NO. 12

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

MANAGING EDITOR: BILLY GRAHAM

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: NICOLA CUTI

COVER: SAN JULIAN

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: FRANK BRUNNER, JOSE GONZALES, BILLY GRAHAM,

JEFF JONES, WALLY WOOD

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: FRANK BRUNNER, GARDNER FOX, ARCHIE GOODWIN,
JEFF JONES, WALLY WOOD

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VAMPI'S



SCARLET

In the March issue, (Vampirella #10) we ran "THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST MISS VAMPIRE CONTEST" on Vampi's Flames pages, which included photos of the contestants who took part in the event held last summer at Palisades Amusement park, Palisades, N.J. Several week after issue #10 circulated through the country, I received a letter from the winner of the contest, Christine Domaniecki:

Dear Blood Sister;

Just saying 'thanks' for the pictures of me in issue #10. It was rather difficult to get amnesty to appear in sunlight (and on film) that day. But as you can see, the results were worthwhile.

I used several of your back issues as inspiration and reference for the outfit I wore. (The bat tattoo of course was yours.) My regards to your side of the family.

CHRISTINE DOMANIECKI
(New York Regional
Miss American Vampire)
Belleville, N.J.

"Thanks,
Blood Sister
for the pictures
of me
in Vampirella
#10... 99



Congratulations, Christine. We're all proud of you for winning, and a little envious of your being captured on film. At present, I'm relegated to just being rendered in art form (drawings, paintings, etc.) Someday perhaps we'll stand side by side for a photo. We received many interesting comments regarding the photos of the runner-up. Printed below is one of the most interesting of the batch from a very observant reader.



#13...A REAL WITCH!

Did you know that contestant #13 of the Miss Vampire Contest at Palisades, N.J., is a WITCH? I read an article about her in a national magazine, explaining the ways of the old religion. (Incidentally, she goes by the name of Witch Hazel.) The other reason for this letter though, is to express my appraisal for your magazine (Vampirella). In its research of occultism, There is one thing however, I would like to clear up for you (if you didn't know already) and that is: Satanism is not of WITCHCRAFT. It's just a branch of it like Erutanism (the opposite

of Satanism in the worship of the Horned God).

RONALD G. HASH
Marion, Va.



Thank you, Ron, for that bit of interesting information. If Witch Hazel (contestant #13) sees this, I wonder what further comments she'd have on the subject. If any of you readers out there know her, ask her to write me... I'm always curious to learn more concerning the occult religions of my blood sisters and vampires here on Earth.

WAR OF THE WIZARDS



Up to now, I've seen four issues of Vampirella. I would rate them as follows:

#7 - bad; #8 - average; #9 - good; #10 - excellent. But #10 was the first time the artwork in one of your magazines thrilled me from cover to cover! I would like to see more sword and sorcery tales from Wally Wood. "War of the Wizards" is one of the best stories I have ever seen and the hero Torin has tremendous potential. Wood draws (and writes) the way R. E. Howard wrote.

But too much of the same spoils interest so, I think the combination of horror, sf and sword and sorcery as used in Vampirella #10 is best.

Another one of your regular artists who I never seem to get enough of is Tom Sutton. His flowery style is almost as fascinating as Wood's straight line technique. I missed his



third Vampirella story but I suppose it is scheduled for a future issue. Your artists seem to get most of the honors but I think the hardest job is that of the writers. To create a strong and original story regularly must be an inhuman task and I find that—just to name a few, Buddy Saunders, Steve Skeates and Denny O'Neill—do great work. Thanks very much for listening.

PETER JOB
Utrecht, Holland



Thank you, Peter. You supposed right. My third installment by Tom Sutton appeared last issue. Hope you've seen it by now as this issue has the fourth chapter. You're sweet to write me all the way from Holland.

Sometime ago when Vampirella first came out, I wasn't too sure that it would be good. I bought the first 3 issues and decided that it was okay, but not worth buying again. However, at the advice of a friend, I picked up Vampirella #9. It was very good. Happy to see that Vampirella was improving greatly, I bought #10. It was good, but not great. "Fiends in the Night" was a nice story with a nice ending and the art was good. However, it was followed by "The Marriage" which had a nice angle but was a lousy story. "Eye of Newt, Toe of Frog" was a great story. "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" was... well... Let's just say that Denny O'Neill writes better comics than this. The story wasn't that good. "War of the Wizards" looked like another routine sword and sorcery story but it was nicely done with a nice ending. "A Thing of Beauty" was a fantastic story. It's nice to see a cover on a magazine that has something to do with an inside story. "Regeneration Gap" was okay but the story angle was used in Creepy #38. The story was "The Cosmic All." Get Frazetta to do some more covers and possibly some inside work and bring back Reed Crandall. Keep up the good work.

D. C. VIRRILL, JR.
Hastings-on-Hudson
New York

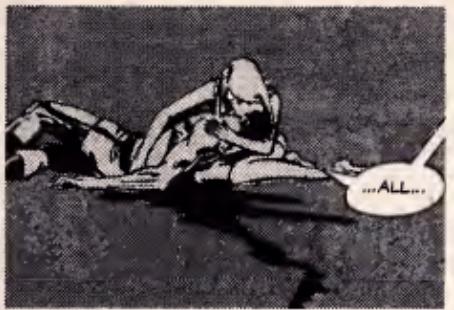
After too many mediocre issues, Vampirella appears to be on the upswing. Issue #10 bears this out.

I always demand an impressive cover; Hughes did an excellent job on this one. Well drawn and rendered. More by Mr. Hughes, please.

"Vampi's Furry Tales": Okay script and punchy Gra-

ham art.

"Fiends in The Night" was enjoyable and was helped by a good performance by Sutton. The premise of the pages of a book freezing solid is a bit dubious, however.



A scene from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" as illustrated by Neal Adams and Steve Englehart. This script, written by Denny O'Neil, received rave reviews from our readers. Limited space prevented us from printing the hundred or more comments.

I was pleased to see Web of Horror alumnus Ralph Reese handle the art chores on "The Marriage". Skeates turned in an interesting variation on the Man vs. Machine theme. The thought of being physically attached to a machine is horribil.

Until "Eye of Newt, Toe of Frog", I had been bit skeptical of Frank Brunner's artistic talents. I may now report that all such doubts have vanished. Frank turned in an effective, stylized piece. Good ending and a great last line.

"The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" was refreshing in that we were introduced to a novel villainess heroine. While Kija was not a succubus in the true sense, she was enough of a change from the all too-familiar vampire to be welcome. Exceptional art, but then, that's to be expected from Neal Adams.

Little can be added in the way of praise for Wally Wood's artistry. His work for Warren has pleased me and I hope it pleases him as well. Wally's regard for the female figure

was well represented in "War of the Wizards". Although I'm not especially taken with Wally's interest in sword & sorcery, an s & s Wood story is better than no Wood story. If it can be squeezed out of him, I'd love to see more work by this amazing fellow.

"A Thing of Beauty" was nicely done. Although I've seen better art by Graham, this was quite good. We all respond to a story like this since we can all identify with the poor little guy who gets kicked in the teeth. Wein gave us the pleasure of seeing Mark Groucho (Hmm) get his revenge and also included a deadly swipe at Hollywood tactics. A commendable job all around.

"Regeneration Gap" featured respectable art by Sutton that was especially good on the prologue page. Scripter McNaughton may not be too far off in his interpretation of Earth's future.

All considered, Vampirella #10 was an honest effort, certainly worth 60c. Do continue such work.

DAVE HOGAN
Mentor, Ohio

In Vampirella #10, Vampi's Flames, "The Telephone Terror" (Susan Coakley) was real neat. I also think it would be neat if you wrote a story based on "The Telephone Terror" with art. That would be spine-tingling.

STACY JOHNSON
Medford, Oregon

Watch for exciting news concerning pest contributions sent in by you fans out there. Plus, an upcoming 'official contest' for your readers of Creepy, Eerie and Vampirella.

WARREN MAGAZINES are a welcome relief to the marines in Viet Nam!

Speaking for myself and all the Marines in my detachment our magazines are a welcome relief from the boredom of war. Here at LZ Beldy we rarely see new magazines, unless someone subscribes to them.

Fortunately for us, I subscribe to yours. At first, my companions scoffed at me for buying (please excuse the expression) a comic book. After your issues came, however, I hardly got a chance to read them at all. They were constantly borrowed by friends.

Needless to say, most of them are now converts. They believe in you, as I do.

Your cover art to date has been beautiful. However, I would like to see more work by Mr. Frazetta. Also, I would like to see a story or two about that beautiful blonde, Oraculina.

By the way, if you're ever out this way, drop by. I assure you, you'll receive quite a welcome.

SGT. K. W. CALDWELL
5th Marines
1st Marine Div.
FPO San Francisco, Calif.



Thank you, Sgt. Caldwell, for your heart-warming letter. It pleases me very much to know that my magazine can comfort as well as entertain the soldiers at LZ Beldy and other outfits. Perhaps I'll be flying out your way soon. Also thanks for the sexy drawing of me you sent along with your letter. Unfortunately, we couldn't print it because it was in pencil. Try drawing another, in ink next time.

Congratulations!

On your tenth anniversary, that is. And what an anniversary it was! All your mags have been great, but this was too much! What a lineup! Adams, O'Neil, Conway, Graham, Sutton, . . .

Of course, the Adams/O'Neil story was tops, followed by the Graham/Wein one. See ya in two months.

ERIC SHRATTER
Huntsville, Alabama



Thanks for your letter, Eric. I hope we continue to please you.

I am about to say the most wonderful words that I have ever uttered; I have just read Vampirella #9, an issue that will live forever as the first of masterpieces. You must verily be psychic. That issue was the exact core of my ideas upon what your magazine should be. That was the most beautifully composed cover I have ever seen. Ah, and the artists! Almost ALL new! Wallace Wood, (one of the master of the Golden Age of Comics) Ken Barr! Barry Smith! Alec Justic! Unbelievable! Fantastic! Wow! I was rather leery about sending in for a subscription before, but now I shall as soon as I possibly can, in order to keep from missing any further great issues! I Continue, or if possible, escalate the quality intrinsic in Issue #9. Do this, and I predict your readership will bob to several times its present rate. Again, for the magnificent, incomparable collection of stories and artwork. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, AND THANK YOU!

GARY LEE INSLEY
Springfield, Ohio

THIS SPOT IS PROVIDED BY THE PUBLISHER

LISTEN TO YOUR BODY.

If something's going wrong, it'll tell you.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. Persistent cough or hoarseness.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thicker or longer mucus or pus.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in size or weight.
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.
8. Persistent pain, even if it's not cancer.
9. If you notice any of these signs, see your doctor. Don't wait.
10. If you have any of these signs, see your doctor. Don't wait.
11. If you have any of these signs, see your doctor. Don't wait.

American Cancer Society

WRITE ON! A

Keep those letters coming right on into

SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So...
WRITE ON, FANS... WRITE ON!

FOG ROLLS AMONG THE JUTTING SLABS OF GRANITE AND MARBLE, A GHOSTLY BLANKET COVERING THIS RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD, AND OF ONE WHO STILL LIVES. ONE WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED, AND PURSUED LONG PAST EXHAUSTION, DRIVEN TO SEEK SANCTUARY IN PLACES SUCH AS THIS, PLACES MOST MEN SHUN BY NIGHT. FOR THIS IS ONE STRANGE TO THE WORLD SHE WANDERS, ALIEN AND ALONE AMONG A PEOPLE NOT HER OWN. FOR THIS IS...

VAMPIRELLA



AND OUT OF THE FOG TWO MORE COME, TWO MORE OF THE LIVING INTRUDING UPON THE RESTING DEAD...

JOE DON,
I'M FLAT TELLIN'
YOU MAN... I'M
SCARED! W.W.
WADE'S JEST GOTTA BE
THE RICHEST, MOST
POWERFUL MAN IN
THE STATE!

AN' THAT'S
EXACTLY WHY IT'S
GONNA BE A CINCH, BILLY
BOY! EVERYONE FIGGERS
NOBODY'D DARE PULL
ANYTHIN' ON HIS
PLACE...

RIP

RIP

...SPECIALLY
NOTHIN' LIKE ROBBIN'
ONE OF THE WADE
FAMILY CRYPTS!

BUT THE GUARDS, JOE DON!
THEY SAY OL' WADE'S PRACTICALLY
GOT HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY!

THEY AIN'T WORRYIN'
'BOUT THIS FAMILY
GRAVEYARD, BILLY BOY...
NOBODY IS!

I RECKON
YOU'RE RIGHT
JOE DON. BUT
I STILL
FEEL.

AN' THEY'RE GUARDIN'
HIS OIL WELLS, HIS CATTLE, ALL THEM
FACTORIES... AN' THAT BIG OL'
HOUSE UP THERE ON THE HILL!

OH MY
LORDY!





HIS NAME IN THIS PARTICULAR EXISTENCE IS **SKAAR!** HE IS A LESSER DEMON. HE GOES UNMENTIONED IN THAT BIBLE OF BLOOD, THE "CRIMSON CHRONICLES", HANDBOOK OF THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE MAD, BANNISHED GOD, **CHAOS**, FOR LESSER DEMONS ARE MANY. YET POWER FROM THE SEVEN GREAT DEMON SERVANTS OF THE MAD GOD FLOWS IN LARGE MEASURE WITHIN THESE SO-CALLED LESSER BEINGS; POWER TO BE UTILIZED BY CERTAIN **HUMANS** WHO BARGAIN AND BIND THEM INTO THEIR SERVICE. HIS NAME IS **SKAAR**, BUT THIS NIGHT, AS ON MANY ANOTHER, HE MIGHT BETTER BE CALLED...

DEATH'S DARK ANGEL





EVERYBODY DOES...THAT AIN'T GOT BRAINS OR BELLY FOR DOIN' IT THEMSELVES! COURSE MAYBE I'M A LITTLE LUCKIER THAN MOST...MY OL' PAPPY LEFT ME A FAIR STAKE AN' AN HELLUVA EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW!

HE KNEW THERE AINT ANY DEED OR DEAL TOO DIRTY...LONG AS YOU'RE ON THE END! YESSIR, PAPPY WAS SHARP...BUT I FIGGER ANYWAY YOU CUT IT, I FINALLY OUTDONE 'IM AT IT ALL!

HOW CAN YOU RELISH THAT, WADE? IT'S AS THOUGH SOME TERRIBLE, PRIVATE DEMON WERE DRIVING YOU...

WELL, NOW, MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT, DOCTOR... MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT!

EVENIN', MR. WADE! COIN' OUT WANT ME TO COME ALONG?

WHY ON EARTH DOES HE KEEP ME AROUND? HE'S LONG STOP LISTENING TO MY OPINIONS...MEDICAL OR OTHERWISE!

NOT TONIGHT, FLOYD. YOU JUST SEE THAT THE DOC HERE AN' THE REST OF OUR GUESTS DON'T RUN OUT OF JACK DANIELS AN' BRANCH WATER TO SOAK THEIR SCRUPLES IN!

WELL, I AINT NO FANCY PARK AVENUE SPECIALIST, BUT I CAN TELL YOU ANYTHIN' HE DOES, OL' W.W. KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!

DOES HE? THEN HOW CAN HE SURROUND HIMSELF WITH PACKS OF CHARLATANS AND PHONIES? HE'S SO AFRAID OF DYING HE'LL LISTEN TO ANY CRACKPOT WITH A THEORY FOR PROLONGING LIFE OR CHEATING DEATH!

YET IF W.W. WADE KNOWS SUCH FEAR IT IS CAREFULLY CONTROLLED AS HIS WALK TAKES HIM DIRECTLY TO THE FAMILY BURIAL GROUND...

AND SUDDENLY A VOICE WHISPER FROM THE GRAVEYARD DARK, LIKE THE SOUND OF SERPENTS HISsing...



THEN I WANT YOU TO GET HOLD OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AN' THE HIGHWAY PATROL!

ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER FOG, BINDS THE ROLLING LAND; A RENTED CAR MOVES ALONG THE STRAIGHT, UNENDING HIGHWAY...

WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO, ADAM! CIRCULATING THE GIRL'S DESCRIPTION TO LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES HAS BROUGHT SOME PROMISING LEADS!

IT ALSO MEANS SHE'S BEEN RELENTLESSLY HOUNDED, DAD...

...AND YET SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER I'VE MORE DOUBTS THAN EVER THAT SHE'S THE BLOOD-LUSTING MONSTER WE ORIGINALLY THOUGHT!

YOU'RE YOUNG, ADAM, AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. TWO POWERFUL COMPONENTS FOR SELF-DECEPTION...

MY OWN PSYCHIC VISION HASN'T BEEN WRONG IN THE PAST, SON, AND THE EMANATIONS FROM THIS GIRL ARE...

UH-UH, DAD! WHATEVER THE TRUTH ABOUT HER, THAT PSI-POWER APPARENTLY DOESN'T COME THROUGH AGAINST SPEED TRAPS!

DON'T FRET, GENTS! I'M FROM THE WADE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE... Y'ALL ARE ADAM AND CONRAD VAN HELSING, RIGHT? GOT A DESCRIPTION OF YOUR CAR FROM THE RENTAL AGENCY...

VERY IMPORTANT MAN HAS A BEE IN HIS BONNET TO SEE YOU! MISTER W.W. WADE HIMSELF!

I'VE MET MR. WADE IN THE PAST, EVEN IF I COULD TOLERATE THE FACIST-STYLE POLITICS HE UNDERWRITES, OR THE SLANDEROUS, HATE-MONGERING PUBLISHING EMPIRE HE BACKS! MR. WADE MANAGES TO BE SO PERSONALLY DESPICABLE I'D NEVER REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE!

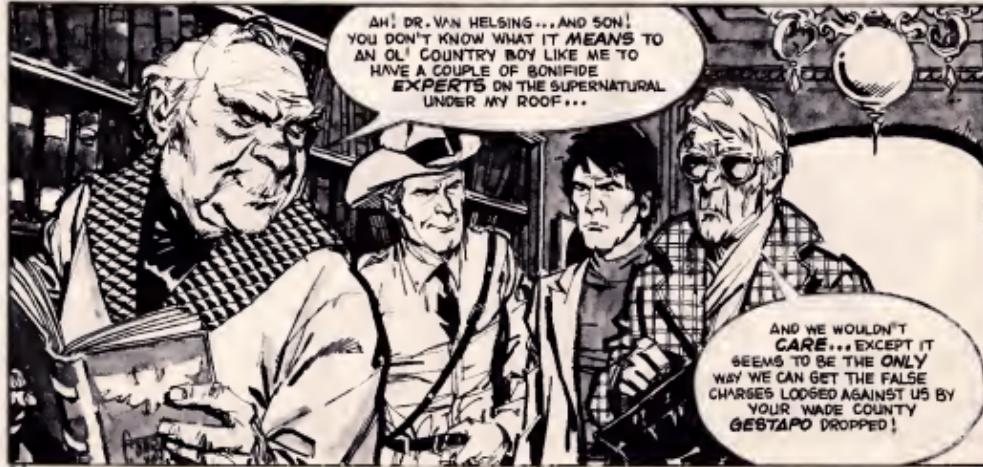
WE'LL, Y'ALL ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION...

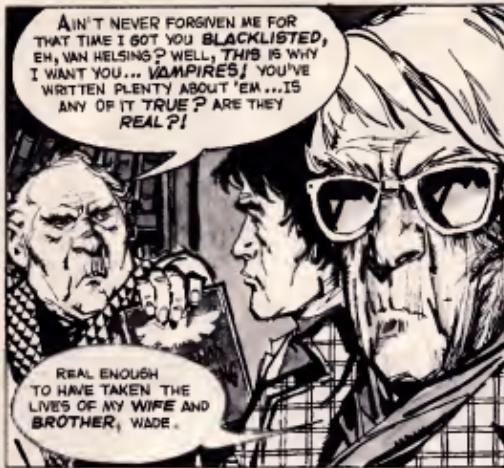
...BUT IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, WHEN W.W. WADE WANTS SOMETHIN', WE SEE HE GETS IT!

BOY HOWDY, ON TOP O' SPEEDIN' AND DRUNK DRIVIN' HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO RESIST ARREST?!

IN THE DARKNESS, VAMPIRELLA STRAINS AND STRUGGLES AGAINST THE CHAINS BINDING HER, KNOWING AS LONG AS SHE IS BOUND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO USE THE POWERS THAT COULD TRANSFORM HER INTO BAT-FORM, KNOWING WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT OF BONDAGE A TERRIBLE NEED-A HUNGER-GROWS FIERCELY WITHIN HER...

IT IS NO USE.
YOU BUT EXHAUST
YOURSELF BEFORE THE
TRUE ORDEAL.





WHAT THE DEVIL
IS THE PURPOSE
OF A PLACE LIKE
THIS, WADE?

STARTED OUT
AS A BOMB
SHELTER, THEN I
FOUND OUT IT WAS SORTA
HANDY FOR...PARTIES,
YOU MIGHT CALL 'EM!
LITTLE GET-TOGETHERS
YOU WOULDN'T WANT
EVERYONE
TO KNOW 'BOUT...

DON'T DO TOO
MUCH OF THAT NOW
THAT I'M GETTIN'
ON, BUT THE
PLACE STILL
HAS IT'S
USES...

...SEE FOR
YOURSELVES!

AN' WHILE
YOU'RE LOOKIN',
I'LL TAKE THE LAST
BIT O'EXPERT
ADVICE I NEED FROM
YOU TWO...
IS THIS A REAL
VAMPIRE?!

D-DAD...!
IT'S THE GIRL
WE'VE -

I KNOW, ADAM!
I CAN FEEL THE
PSYCHIC EMANATIONS
POUNDING MY MIND IN
WAVES...!

SHE'S THE
ONE WHO KILLED
MY BROTHER!!
DRAINED HIM OF HIS
LIFE - BLOOD
WHILE THEY WERE
ON THE SAME
PLANE FLIGHT!

SHE MUST
DIE!





&SEE VAMPI #11 "CARNIVAL OF THE DAMNED!"

AND VAMPIRELLA SPEAKS SOFTLY, HURRIEDLY, TO ADAM VAN HELSING OF DRAKULON, HER HOME WORLD WHERE BLOOD IS THE LIFE AS FOOD AND WATER ARE TO EARTH; OF THE DROOUT THAT DROVE HER TO THIS PLANET; OF BEING A HUNTRESS AMONG MANKIND UNTIL LOVE FROM A MAN, AND THE SERUM HE INVENTED, MADE HER AN ALLY IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS...

THEN YOU'RE NOT REALLY TO BLAME FOR SOME OF THE WRONGS YOU'VE DONE... ALIEN ON THIS WORLD YOU COULDN'T HELP... COULDN'T HELP...

UHHHHHHHHHH...

ADAM! NO! YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP... GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT ADAM VAN HELSING LIES STILL. TIME PASSES. TIME THAT INFAMES VAMPIRELLA, DRIVES HER TO DRAW ON UNTAPPED WELLS OF ALIEN-BORN STRENGTH AND PROWESS, WHIPS HER INTO A FRENZY... A BLOODLUST... THAT CAN ONLY END WITH...





NO, VAMPIRESS...!



D-DAD... STOP...!
LISTEN TO ME...! YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND...!
DAD...!



SILENTLY VAMPIRELLA MOVES AWAY FROM CONRAD VAN HELSING, GESTURING HIS SON TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR AS THEY EXCHANGE HOARSE WHISPERS...





... OVERLOOKS ANOTHER FAR MORE DEADLY!

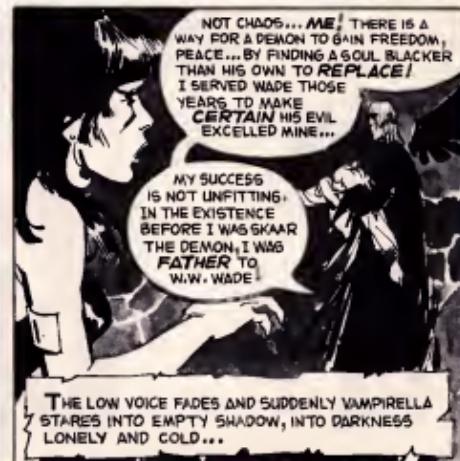
Skaar! There are two that need destroyin'! I command you...do it! DO IT NOW!

An' while you're doin' THAT deed, I'll be insurin' you'll be mine to command for ETERNITY! HAH! Ol' Pappy'd be GREEN if he knew the way his little boy's OUTDONE 'IM!









... AND IN THAT PLACE BEYOND TIME, BEYOND SPACE, YET CLOSE AS AN INSTANT'S MADNESS... IN THAT SHAMBLING COSMOS HOLDING THE MAD, BANISHED GOD CHAOS AND HIS SEVEN SERVANTS... IN THAT REALITY BEYOND ALL REALITIES CALLED THE NETHER-VOID... A DEAD MAN SCREAMS!



FOR W.W. WADE HAS BEGIN TO HAVE INSIGHT INTO WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DEMON SUCH AS SKAAR... TO HAVE POWER WITHOUT PLEASURE, TO HAVE EXISTENCE WITHOUT MEANING...! AND TO POSSESS A TOUCH OF FIRE... AND FIND IT FUELED BY THE ETERNAL BURNING OF ONE'S OWN SOUL!

EPILOGUE: IN THE NOW DESERTED WADE MANSION, VAMPIRELLA MAKES HER WAY UP FROM THE CELLAR BLACKNESS AND THROWS OPEN SHUTTERS TO THE RETREATING NIGHT...



... THE GROUNDS BELOW ARE EMPTY. ADAM AND CONRAD VAN HELSING HAVE GONE. THAT THEY WILL RETURN SHE IS SURE; BUT IF IT WILL BE AS HUNTERS OR ALLIES SHE CANNOT SAY...



SHE CAN ONLY FLY, TRANSFORMED, TOWARD THE THIN LINE OF LIGHT ON THE HORIZON THAT WILL BECOME THE NEW DAY... AND WONDER WHAT THAT DAY HOLDS FOR A WANDERER FROM DISTANT DRAKULON!



AMAZONIA

AND THE EYE OF OZIRIOS!

FOR MANY AGES IT HAS BROODED OUT ACROSS THE COURTYARD OF DREAD CASTLE GRIMKAG, NO MAN KNOWS WHO CARVED IT IN THE STONE, NOR WHY IT WAS PLACED IN THIS REMOTE CORNER OF THE KINGDOM OF KAKASSONE. YET SINCE RICH CARAVANS AND RUSTY TRAVELLERS WERE ROBBED AND SLAIN BY A ROBBER BARON NAMED THROKKLON... YOUNG GUARDIAN QUEEN AMAZONIA OF KAKASSONE DONS HER MAGIC SWORD EXALIUS AND SETS OUT TO PROBE THE STRANGE SECRET OF HER MOST PERILOUS MISSION...

THIS IS THE ROAD TO GRIMKAG CASTLE, DOTTED WITH THE SKELETONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE COME THIS WAY... ONLY TO FALL INTO THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF DREAD THROKKLON, SURNAMED THE TERRIBLE.



THROKKLON THE TERRIBLE GLOATS OVER EVERY WOMAN CAPTURED, EVERY COPPER PENCE TAKEN TO SWELL HIS COFFERS. HE HAS NO PITY, NO MERCY. SOME EVEN SAY THAT... HE HAS NO HEART!

INTO THE YARD WITH 'EM! WE KEEP THE GIRLS, THE MEN YOU'LL KILL / AND PUT THE LOOT WHERE WE ALWAYS PUT IT... WHERE NONE BUT US CAN EVER SEE IT AGAIN!

THE GATES OF GRIMKAG CLANG SHUT! NEVER AGAIN WILL HUMAN EYES SEE THE PITIFUL MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE JUST ENTERED ITS AWESOME CONFINES.



HOURS LATER IN KAKASSONE CITY, AN EXHAUSTED MAN POSES CUT A HORROROUS TALE. EVEN AS HIS LIFE BLOOD DRIES, DRIES, DRIES TO THE FLOOR BEFORE THE THRONE OF YOUNG QUEEN AMAZONIA...

I SAW... THROKKLON'S FACE... JUST BEFORE... THE GATES CLAM CLOSED ON ME...

HELP THAT MAN... DROWN HIM! AND... DAMNATION ON THROKKLON! ALWAYS HE STRIKES AND RUNS, AND NOBODY DARES TO FOLLOW TO HIS CASTLE!

THEONIDES THE COURT MAGICIAN OFFERS GRAVE COUNSEL TO THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN...

YOU ARE WISE, OH QUEEN.
NO ARMY CAN STORM THOSE
GRAGGY HEIGHTS.

THROKKLON MIGHT AS WELL BE ON
THE MOON!

AYE, MAGE!
AN ARMY WOULD
FAIL, BUT ONE
LONE WOMAN MIGHT
SUCCEED.



MY LADY QUEEN,
I ADVISE CAUTION!



TO THE
DEVIL WITH
CAUTION,
THEONIDES!
I AM
QUEEN OF
KAKASSONE!

IN THE SMALL ARMORY ADJACENT TO HER BEDROOM, AMAZONIA YANKS DOWN THE MAGIC SWORD, EXCALIFER...

MY PEOPLE DIE! THROKKLON STEALS AND ROBS WITHOUT PUNISHMENT! BY THE BLADE OF EXCALIFER... I'LL NOT ENDURE IT! I'LL STOP HIM...OR DIE!



IN THE FIRST FAINT HUSH OF EVENTIDE, SHE COMES AT LAST TO THE BARRED GATES OF GRIMKRAIG CASTLE...

TANIT KEEP ME IN THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND!



THERE IS NO HAIL... NO WARNING CRY... ONLY THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE AS HER HAND PUSHES AT THOSE BARRED GATES AND SEND THEM CRASHING DOWN! HER FOOTFALLS SOUND WITH HOLLOW ECHOES ON THE WORN AND EON-OLD COBBLES OF THE INNER YARD...



UNWINKING, THE STONE EYE GLARES DOWN AT THE WARRIOR QUEEN... AS IF BALEFULLY STUDYING HER...

AT LAST... I UNDERSTAND! FOR THAT IS THE FABLED EYE OF DREAD OZIRIOS!



HA-HA-HA!

WITH NECROMANTIC SUDDENNESS GRIMCRAG CASTLE APPEARS... AND THE BOOMING LAUGHTER OF DREAD THROKKLON EXPLODES IN THE AIR...

H.A. HA' HA' HA'! GIRL, YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR FACE!

OHNTH!
IT IS UNHOLY WIZARDRY!

MEN LEAP... WHERE BEFORE THERE HAD BEEN NO MEN! MEN CLUTCH AND GRASP... WHERE THERE HAD BEEN DUST SCANT SECONDS AGO...

TAKE HER, ALIVE! I WANT THE PLEASURE OF SEEING HER GO UP... IN FLAMES!

THOSE WORDS ARE AS A GOAD TO THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN. FIERCELY SHE TENSES HER MUSCLES... SHEDS HER ATTACKERS AS A DOG SHEDS WATER...

THE BLUE STEEL BLADE OF THE MAGIC SWORD FLASHES TO LIFE AS IT DRINKS DEEP OF A MAN'S LIFE BLOOD...

FOR KARKASSONE!

DEATH TO THROKKLON... AND TO HIS MEN!

I CAME FOR THIS PURPOSE TO GRIMCRAG CASTLE... AND HERE I MEAN TO SLAY... AND SLAY...



THE MAID FIGHTS ON...BUT THESE ARE HARDENED CRIMINALS AND SAVAGE FIGHTERS! THEY KNOCK HER BLADE ASIDE...



LATER...

STRIPPED OF HER MAIL SHIRT, LEFT ONLY RAGS TO CLOTHE HER BODY, THE WARRIOR-QUEEN IS FASTENED TO LONG CHAINS...



BY CHAINS AND MANACLES, AMAZONIA IS SUSPENDED FROM THE CROSS-PIECE OF A SACRIFICIAL STAKE!



AND WHEN HE OPENS THAT EYE... THIS OLD CASTLE IS LIKE NEW AND WE ARE RETURNED HERE TO LOOT AND RAVISH IN HIS NAME!

AS MY MEN PILE TINDER ABOUT YOUR PRETTY FEET, QUEEN AMAZONIA, REGARD THIS FIRE! IT WILL BE BLAZING ALL AROUND YOU... VERY SOON!

AND THEN A VOICE RINGS OUT...

MY LORD THROKKLON! A CARAVAN FROM ZAMARKUND HEADING THIS WAY...



I Grieve for this interruption,
Amazonia... But duty comes first
With me, and pleasure second!
My men are greedy for the gold
of Zamarkond and the rare
pearls of Cispangia.

FOR NOW...
FAREWELL!

The hoofbeats of the robbers die away,
leaving Amazonia dangling helpless in
her chains. And then... the wind
springs up...

MOTHER TANIT!
NOT THE
WIND!

A SPARK THAT LIFTS FROM THE FIRE, IS BLOWN ABOUT
AS THE WARRIOR QUEEN WATCHES WITH HORRIFIED EYES...

NO!
LET IT FALL
ON THE
FLAGGINGS...

MORE AND MORE SPARKS COME
... DARTING AND DIPPING...

BUT
WAIT!...

TOO LATE FOR PRAYER!
THE FIRE... STARTS!

MOTHER TANIT!
SAVE ME!

I CAN STAND ON THE
LOGS AND BRANCHES. YET
THIS IS ONLY DELAYING
THE INEVITABLE!



FOR A MOMENT, AMAZONIA STARES UP AT THE EVIL EYE OF OZIRIOS...

YOU HAVEN'T WON YET, DEMON!

BACK GOES HER ARM... AND FORWARD! STRAIGHT AND TRUE AS A HUNTING ARROW FLIES HER SWORD...

THE EYE OF OZIRIOS... IS NO MORE! AND FADING WITH THAT DEAD DEMON EYE, THE FORCES OF THROKKLON ARE DISSOLVED INTO NON-EXISTENCE...

ALONE... WEARY... THE YOUNG QUEEN MOVES ACROSS THE ANCIENT COBBLES...

IT IS AS I THOUGHT! OZIRIOS GAVE THESE LONG DEAD MEN THEIR LIFE! WITHOUT OZIRIOS, THEY ARE NAUGHT BUT DUST AND ASHES...

KNOWING THAT WHILE THIS TASK IS DONE... THERE WILL BE OTHERS WAITING... TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY, FOR BEING A QUEEN IN KARKASSONE DOES NOT MAKE FOR AN EASY LIFE...

END...

QUEST



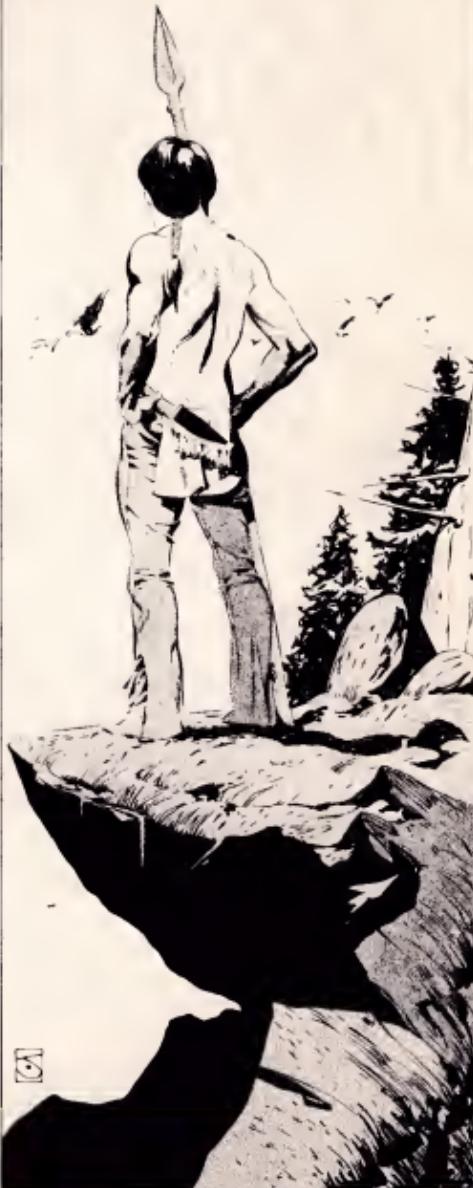
SOMEWHERE IN A LONG WINDING VALLEY A WILD STREAM RACED SOUTHWARD, CHOKED WITH RATTLING ICE FROM THE GLACIAL NORTH. THROUGH GRASSY PLAINS DOTTED WITH COPSES AND GROVES OF THE SPREADING FOREST IT MOVED AND MEANDERED, COILING BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN UPON ITSELF, BUT EVER AND ALWAYS MOVING FORWARD. PINES, BIRCHES, WILLOWS AND OAKS STOOD STRAIGHT AGAINST THE LIGHT, COOL SKY OF THE MORNING OF EARLY SPRING, AND STANDING THERE WITH THEM, STILL FOR THE MOMENT, AND STARING, WAS ONE LONE FIGURE.

"IF SHE'S DEAD, I'LL NEVER FIND HER. THE BEASTS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY, LEAVING ONLY BONE, AND ALL BONES ARE AS ONE."

"THE ENTIRE VILLAGE DESTROYED, ALL DEAD, SAVE HER AND ME. I MUST FIND HER SOON."

THE YOUNG VALLEY LAY STRETCHED TO THE LIGHT TOUCH OF CUMULUS CLOUDS. HIGH LIMESTONE CLIFFS STOOD RIGID ON EITHER SIDE, WINDING DOWN PRECARIOUSLY FROM THE RIM TOWARD THE LIFE GIVING WATER WHERE GOAT TRAILS WHERE FROM TIME TO TIME ALL MANNER OF ANIMAL LIFE TRAFFICKED. IT WAS ONE OF THESE THAT THE SINGLE HUMAN FIGURE MADE ITS WAY DOWNWARD.

THE WARMING SUN ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER, AND THE SHADOWS SHORTENED TOWARD NOON.



ART AND STORY BY JEFF JONES

IN SOME PLACES THERE WERE ALWAYS SHADOWS. SHADOWS WHICH PAID LITTLE HEED TO THE SUN. SHADOWS WHICH MOVED AND THOSE THAT MOVED THE SHADOWS. THE RUSHING WATER WAS CHANGING THE EARTH, MOVING THE OLD AND GIVING BIRTH TO THE NEW. MOVING BORDERS AND MOVING BARRIERS. THE GREAT FOREST ELEPHANTS MOVED THROUGH THE TREES - LUMBERING GIANTS -- IGNORING BARRIERS WHICH STOOD AGAINST SMALLER ANIMALS.

IT WAS IN THIS PLACE, BESIDE THIS RIVER, AND IN THESE SHADOWS THAT THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG WOMAN STOOD RESTING. WHILE ALL THE WORLD MOVED ABOUT HER - THE WATER, THE ELEPHANTS, AND THE SHADOWS.



THE ATTACK WAS SUDDEN. AT ONCE HER BREATH WAS GONE AND THE HEAVILY MUSCLED BACK OF A HAIRY MAN SLAMMED AGAINST HER STOMACH. HER HEAD SPUN AND REELED WHILE HER LUNGS HEAVED DESPERATELY TO REPLACE THE MISSING AIR. GROPING BLINDLY, HER HAND STOPPED SUDDENLY AGAINST THE COLD REALITY OF A KNIFE BUTT. IT SLIPPED EASILY FROM THE BELT AND INTO THE HAIRY, MUSCLED BACK.



EARLY AFTERNOON WAS AS DUSK WITHIN THE FOREST. THE TREES WERE QUIET, THE BIRDS STILL AS WITH THE PASSING OF SOME GREAT PREDATOR.

"HERE THE SPOOR CONTINUES TOWARD THE RIVER. SHE'S MOVING TOO FAST, OUTDISTANCING CAUTION, AND DANGER EASILY MOVES AHEAD OF CAUTION. I MUST HURRY."

HE HEFTED THE SPEAR, SHOOK THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW AND MOVED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RIVER, CHECKING THE BROKEN ENDS OF BRANCHES, FLATTENED GRASS. IN THE SILENCE HE COULD HEAR THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART AND THE RASPING OF HIS BREATH.



THE GREAT ELEPHANTS BOLTED AT THE ATTACK, AND THE GIRL LEAPING TOWARD HER ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE, GRASPED THE LONG SHAGGY HAIR STREAMING FROM THE ANIMALS, LEAVING HER ATTACKERS HOPELESSLY BEHIND.



THEY DRAGGED HER ACROSS THE SWIRLING, ICY RIVER, HALF DROWNING, HALF THRASHING THE LIFE FROM HER.

THE THICK ELEPHANT HAIR WENT SLIPPERY WITH THE SOAKING AND HER FINGERS NUMB WITH COLD AND STRAINED TO HOLD ON. FINALLY A BATTERING AND BRUISING FROM STONES ON THE BOTTOM TOLD HER IT WAS TIME TO LET GO.



THE LONE WARRIOR STOPPED AT THE RIVER BANK WHERE THE SAVAGE DRAMA HAD BEEN PLAYED.

"BLOOD OVER THERE, BUT NONE HERE WHERE HER FOOTPRINTS LEAD TO THE RIVER, BUT HERE, TOO, IS THE PRINT OF THE ELEPHANT. I MUST HURRY, THE DAY MOVES ON."

OVER THE LAND THE LIGHT WORE ON, UNTIL THE HEAVY BLOATED SUN LAY SHIMMERING ACROSS THE TUNDRA. PROPPED IN THE SHADOW OF A FINGER OF STONE SLUMPED THE EXHAUSTED FIGURE OF THE GIRL. A VEIN HAD EARLIER BURST IN HER NOSE AND NOW THE FLIES BUZZED AND FLITTED ABOUT THE DRIED BLOOD ON HER FACE.

SHE AWOKE TO SOMETHING SENSED AND LYING STILL AGAINST THE ROCK, UNFEELING ALONG HER NUMBED BACK, HER EYES CAUGHT THE GREAT YELLOW REFLECTING ORBES OF A HUNGRY CAT.



HE TOPPED THE HILL IN A FROZEN MOMENT OF TERROR. ALL THAT MOVED IT SEEMED WERE HIS EYES, DARTING FROM CAT TO GIRL TO CAT. IN AN INSTANT HE FELT THE FIRE OF DEFEAT SPREADING THROUGH HIS BODY.



ACTION EXTINGUISHED THE FIRE AND HE SNAPPED BACK THE SPEAR, TAKING AIM, DEADLY, TRUE...



RIDING ITS PREMEDITATED PATH OF DEATH THE LONG STRAIGHT SHAFT WHISPED FROM HIS ARM AND BURIED ITSELF DEEP IN THE STOMACH OF THE GIRL, THE FLINT POINT CRACKING A SHOWER OF SPARKS ON THE ROCK BEHIND.



HE LOOKED DOWN UPON HIS REVENGE, KNOWING NOW HIS PEOPLE WOULD BE THE LAST TO DIE BY THE HAND OF A CHANGELING. THE FULL MOON FLOATED TO THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD TAKING THE PLACE OF DAY.

AND IN THE SILENCE THE LAST TRANSFIGURATION...



END...



HERE IT IS—AT LAST!!!
OUR OWN
VAMPIRELLA
PLASTIC HOBBY KIT

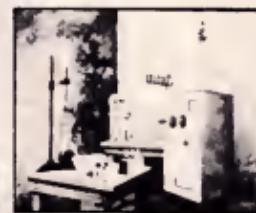
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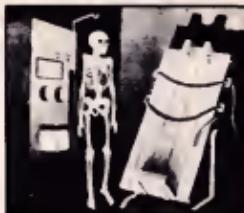
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ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE NEW YORK COMICON....

THE FIRST ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE 1970 NEW YORK COMICON GO TO CREEPY, EERIE BOOKS! VAMPI POUTS!

A JEALOUS VAMPIRELLA VOWS REVENGE IN 1971!

Frank Frazetta and Neal Adams were surrounded. On the occasion: the annual Warren Awards, a highlight of the 1970 New York City Comic Art Convention.

Gathered together on the stage of the main convention room on the 8th floor of the Statler Hilton hotel for the First Annual Warren Awards were James Warren, Editor and Publisher of the Warren line of comic magazines, Creepy, Eerie, and Vampirella; illustrators par excellence Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Wally Wood, Tom Sutton, Ernie Colon, Bill Graham, and writers Nicola Cuti, and Archie Goodwin.

Warren, characteristically at home in front of the podium, began by introducing colorful Convention Chairman Phil Seuling, who in turn, introduced James Warren's wife as "an assemblage of fans, 'as a man who needs no introduction.'" Warren later presented a gold trophy to Seuling in recognition of his efforts on behalf of comic art.

The Warren Awards were officially underway. He in-

duced his staff, most of whom were in the audience and took appropriate bows. After reciting a litany of their respective virtues, he recited particular stories for each. Jokingly, he related "insults" carefully selected

to suit the character of the individual staff member. "Rich Buckler," he announced, "comes into our office once a week. He's always late with a story. We strip him, beat him, humiliate and insult him, degrade

him horribly, and he pays us five dollars and goes home happy."

Introductory asides over, Warren plunged into the award ceremonies. Jim described the massive gold cups and statues as per-



Receiving the Frank Frazetta trophy for best illustrated story is Neal Adams (above). For his work on "Snowman", Creepy #31, Tom Sutton (at right) won the Bradbury cup.



Seated are artists Frank Frazetta, Tom Sutton, writer Nicola Cuti and artist Ernie Colon. Flanking them are their well-deserved trophies. Both Sutton and Colon go for their guns.



Warren (left) after honoring Billy Graham who receives congratulations of Frazetta and Sutton as Cuti obscures facial change to werewolf. Graham was honored for his work on the witch trilogy in Vampi #7. Unk Creepy vainly waits in the wings, unheralded.

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Ernie Colon's heart-warming version of Uncle Creepy.



A succubus from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell", Vampi 10.

haps representative of "Dr. Wertham clutching his groin."

The Ray Bradbury award for Best Story in a Warren magazine went to Tom Sutton for "Snowman in Creepy #31."

The Frank Frazetta cup for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Neal Adams for his version of Rock God in Creepy #32. Frazetta received the Jack Kirby cup for the Best Cover for his Eerie #23 cover.

Warren then announced a series of special awards: writer Harlan Ellison for Rock God; Best All-Around Artist to Ernie Colon; a writing award to Cuti; and an honorable mention for artwork to Warren headmaster

Billy Graham. Billy's Black Witch was one of a trilogy which appeared in Vampi #7. Creepy and Eerie books were on the receiving end of the awards while Vampirella was left empty-handed.

A panel session followed the awards. Asked about the morality of horror comic magazines, Warren answered, "There is no such thing as 'moral' or 'immoral' comic magazines. Comics are either well written and drawn or well written and drawn."

Why the recent full page appeal (another is planned) to end the war in Vietnam? Declaring that the editorial was in line with "our business philosophy," Warren explained that "everytime there is a riot or a violent confrontation between po-



Neal Adams' "Rock God", Creepy #32. Story by Harlan Ellison. "Rock God" was chosen Best Illustrated Story and Adams received the Frank Frazetta cup.



Tom Sutton's "Snowman"



Cover of Eerie #23. Illustration by Neal Adams. Sales plangle. Pretty soon, Warren felt, if the situation continued, America herself might go out of business. This obviously would have a disastrous effect upon Warren publishing. If, in any way, the ad helped in ending it all, he felt it was a sound move.

Billy Graham's name, explained Warren, is often confused with that of a great and respected spiritual leader. "If I ever get a good artist named Oral Roberts, I'm going to be in big trouble," Warren said.

Material from this article came from Martin Greim's Comic Crusader #10. Copies of CC's special 1970 Convention Issue can be had by sending 50c to M. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.



New York's fourth annual Comic Art Convention, host to the Warren Awards, will be held July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top Sky Room, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse.

Comicon Chairman Phil Seuling announced that he and Warren had developed an idea which would involve using conventioners' names in future stories appearing in the Warren books.

Also, we hear that there might be a panel on underground comics and a fanzine editors panel, hosted by Comicon Crusader publisher Greim.

Regular membership is \$3.50, available in advance by mail, or at the door while daily membership is \$1.50 per day. Warren Awards, will be held on July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top Sky Room, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse.

A special luncheon featuring Comicon's as yet unnamed guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honorees denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harry Kunkel (Liltin and Family).

For information write Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224. This year's Comicon should be the best yet. And beware, the coming of the 1971 Warren Awards.

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VAMPI'S FLAMES

Hi, there! I thought you'd never reach these pages. I've been waiting to show you a few more stories, poems and works of art contributed by my fellow 'Flame' followers.

Look over the artwork... read the stories... then let me know what YOU think of them. Then try your hand in becoming one of my Flames, just as J. HANEY, of Chicago, Ill. did with a Wally Wood type rendering of a sketch I call, "Tiny Tyke".



Amateur artist, Maria Hearley, of James City, Pa., penned her rendition of Vampi.



Hollis Williams, of Columbus, Ga., sends us this beautiful inking (above) which we've dubbed, "Horror Castle". Yet another contribution (below) comes to us from Carlos M. Federici of Montevideo, Uruguay (South America).



JOIN ME!
By David Reiffel

Ah, my darling...
your funeral wreath
has withered...
another sign of DEATH.
I'll leave you, darling,
I shall miss you...
but I'll be back
with the morning dew.
If I am not back
before dawn...
you must not grieve,
you must not mourn.
I then shall have
eternal rest...
ah, my darling...
it's for the best.
I cannot live another day,
I just cannot go on this way.
I shall be there to greet
the sun,
and thus my curse shall soon
be done.
Join me, my darling...
join me now.
If you join me there
I shall know how
to make my undead life
be through...
ah, my darling, I must
still keep you!



Look again monster men, that confounding conglomeration of fear gears better not clamp you up in his clicking clutches! Sight stinger JAMES KING whose robot rolled in from Weatherford, Oklahoma warns us we'll all be in trouble if this mechanical meany goes haywire!

THE LEAKING BATH TUB!

(Adapted and edited from
an original story by
Carl Daigrepont, Jr.)

Annie waived goodbye to her parents from the door and shivered. It was a cold night and she would be alone in the unheated house until they returned. After closing the door, she picked up the newspaper from the living room chair and brought it with her. As she climbed the long stairway to her room, the thought crossed her mind, "had she locked the door?" She was sure she had. Now she was ready to lie in bed watching T.V. and await the return of her parents. They wouldn't return from the funeral until late. Instantly, Barney, her puppy, jumped up onto the bed and began licking her hand as if it was with favorite food. Annie knew something was frightening Barney, for his tail hid between his legs as he jerked up constantly to search the semi-darkened room. When Barney began to whine, she threw the paper aside and began to pet and stroke him, whispering comforting words to calm the frightened puppy. But no words nor loving strokes seemed to calm him. Barney grew more and more terrified. He continued to lick her hand and tried feebly to wag his tail but something was obviously alarming the puppy despite Annie's loving strokes along his head and back. The night crept on and the cold outside seeped through the house. Annie thought again, "was the door locked? Were all the windows closed and locked? Why should it be so unusually cold this night?"

She was sure she had locked the door . . . or had she? The night dragged on. The late movie ended. The T.V. was off and Barney had long

since fallen asleep in her arms under the covers. The house was freezing. Had she locked the door? Were the windows locked? Was the basement door closed and locked? Was everything secure? Was it? The house was freezing. The bed was like a bathtub of frozen icy covers. The night light near the bed was dull and eerie. Creepy shadows hung along the walls and ceiling. Barney was shivering in his sleep cuddled in her arms. She gently began to slide the newspaper from under him and for the first time noticed the headlines: "MAD DOG MANIAC LOSE". Sub-captioned: "Murderer of . . ."

Annie's blood suddenly froze in her veins as she thought she heard a noise downstairs. Seconds that seemed like hours ticked away on the clock across the room. She waited for the sound again . . . but she heard nothing. Only the breathing of Barney and the heartbeat in her chest above the whistle of the wind outside.

Did she lock the door? Were all the windows shut tight? Her eyelids grew heavy. Her eyes burned, then relaxed. Darkness. She was sleeping soundly. Then . . . a click! The noise aroused Barney. He had heard something; he was sure. The puppy jumped down from the bed and trotted to the closed bedroom door.

A quarter of an hour later, Annie suddenly opened her eyes when she thought she heard footsteps. She felt for Barney . . . but he was gone. She called out, "Barney?" Silent moments passed. Again, "Barney?" Silence. Perhaps...

The above illustration super-imposed over "The Leaking Bathtub" was contributed by BRIAN BUNICK of Linden, N.J. Many of our contributors have submitted fine works of art, Brian being one of them. Now, gentle readers, flip back through your copies of VAMPIRELLA, from issue #5 (the first in the series of Vampi's Flames) up to this present issue. Study the sketches, evaluate them . . . for in our next issue, we have a surprise for you AND for those PAST CONTRIBUTORS who's works of art were published on these pages. Don't miss issue #13.

GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the FANFARE pages. Why not send us one? Drawings in black ink, stories 100 words or less!

VAMPI'S FLAMES
145 E. 32nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10016

"Mom? Dad?" Only the howling of the wind outside the freezing house answered her. Annie became frightened. The clock ticked louder and louder until it seemed to be filling the freezing walls of the room and seeping through the crack of half-ajar door and ticking out into the hallway onto the staircase . . . ticking down the steps, fading away in the distance until it became hardly audible until then rising again up the steps along the hallway . . . back to the door into the room across the floor and leaped onto the bed and Annie screamed at the top of her lungs.

Barney cowered beneath her nervously, licking her hand as Annie screamed until she finally realized it was only the puppy who had returned to her bedside. When Annie finally calmed down, Barney nervously

looked up at her with his tail between his legs, shaking like a leaf. The house became deathly silent with the echo's of her screams fading away and blending with the screaming wind outside. Distantly, there came a new sound that Annie was suddenly aware of. The dripping of a faucet.

She caressed the animal while listening to the drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . of a faucet somewhere in the house.

Suddenly Annie listened with an awareness that gripped her entire body in terror. The terror that perhaps this was not the dripping of water from a faucet . . . because, it dragged after each soft splat . . . as if it was . . .

TO BE CONTINUED
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF VAMPI FLAMES #13

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WILD AND NEW THINGS
ARE HAPPENING
AROUND HERE!
SO YOU'D BETTER BEG
BORROW OR... SEND
FOR A SUBSCRIPTION
TODAY!

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CONCERNING CONTRIBUTIONS
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(Details in Vampirella #13)

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OF FRANKENSTEIN!
ROMANTIC HORROR PICTURE!!

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MONSTER WORLD

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ADAMS FAMILY

NO. 9 — THE ADDAMS FAMILY

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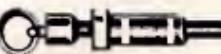
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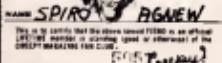
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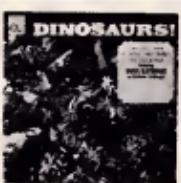
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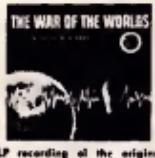
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Wood

AS ONE IN A TRANCE,
THE ROMAN GOVERNOR
GAZED AFTER THE DE-
PARTED PRINCESS...
THEN, SUDDENLY—

HIS SHORT SWORD FLICKERED IN AND OUT IN THE
GLOOM, AND ONE OF THE GHASTLY ATTACKERS
FELL, HIS LIFE BLOOD SPURTING...



A LOVE BOTH TENDER AND PASSIONATE GREW
AND YET SHE WAS OFTEN PENSIVE... AND
THEN ONE NIGHT, AS HE TRIED TO EXPRESS
HIS FEELING IN WORDS...



SHE IS IN THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS... BUT I FEAR FINDING HER IS THE EASY PART... SHE IS IN THE POWER OF A GOD!

A GOD?

A PRIEST, YOU MEAN!

EVEN NOW SHE IS PREPARING TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS...

THAT DRINK SHE IS BEING DRUGGED!

NO, I MEAN A GOD! I KNOW IT IS HARD FOR AN INFIDEL -- BEGGING YOUR INDULGENCE, SIRE -- TO ACCEPT, BUT...

NOT HARD, ANKHONON... IMPOSSIBLE!

LOOK I THERE SHE IS! BUT WHAT...

NO DOUBT, SIRE... BUT NOW IT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

SUDDENLY, UNSEEN PIPES AND STRINGS BEGAN AN SERIE RHYTHM, AND SHE BEGAN TO SWAY TO A MELODY TERRIBLY ALIEN... BOTH CHILLING AND SENSUAL...

"FROM TIME BEYOND MEMORY, THE STATUE OF ANUBIS HAS COME TO LIFE AND INITIATED A MAIDEN INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES..."

"I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ON OCCASION A PRIEST HAS BEEN TEMPTED TO USE THIS CUSTOM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN HE DESIRED..."

THE MUSIC REACHED A CLIMAX, AND SHE WRETCHED, MOANING AS IF IN PAIN, THEN COLLAPSED ACROSS A DIVAN, THE AGED ANKHONON BEGAN TO SPEAK VERY SOFTLY...



IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, MARCUS FELT A SHIVER OF SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD AS THE IDOL STOOD UP...

"...BUT ALL WAS BLOTTED OUT BY A RED RAGE AS THE GOD MOVED TOWARD THE PRINCESS..."

NOW I WILL SEE IF THIS 'GOD' BLEEDS

NO! I BEG OF YOU! DO NOT TRY TO KILL A GOD.

THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE BERSERK ROMAN...

EEEE! OH, NO!

WELL? AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

OH, MARCUS! YOU HAVE JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE!

WHY? THIS IS BUT A MAN...A PRIEST IN A MASK!

SEE?

THAT MAY BE, BUT THERE IS A REAL ANUBIS...

LATER, AS MARCUS SLEPT...

FAREWELL, MY LOVE... I MUST GO TO MY DESTINY... TO ANUBIS...

...GIVE MYSELF TO HIM...

PERHAPS THEN HE WILL NOT HARM YOU...

THERE SHE IS! SIEZE HER!

I BEG OF YOU TAKE ME...

BUT LET HIM BE!

YOU OTHERS... GO BRING ME THE MAN!

NO, I AM SORRY, BUT NO ONE MAY ATTACK A GOD AND LIVE!

SILENCE HER!

MARCUS WAS BRIEFLY DELAYED BY ANUBIS' HIDEOUS SERVANTS...

THEN A SHADOW ACROSS THE MOON MADE HIM LOOK UP...

BY THE GODS! WHAT IS THAT?

...AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HER?

PERHAPS YOU WILL BELIEVE NOW, ROMAN! IT IS ALL TRUE... THAT IS A SPHYNX, ANUBIS IS A GOD... AND THEY ARE TAKING HER ACROSS THE RIVER STYX TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!

WILL YOU DARE GO AFTER HER? TO THE DOMAIN OF CHARON?

YES! I WOULD GO TO HELL ITSELF FOR HER! TITUS? CAIUS? WHO WILL GO WITH ME?

WHERE YOU LEAD, WE FOLLOW, SIR!

VERY WELL, YOU RASH YOUNG FOOL! I CANNOT STOP YOU, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU THIS... A BOW AND AN ARROW MADE OF THE MAGIC METAL...

THANK YOU... BUT WHY... ?

I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR YOUR KIND OF FOOL! THE FACT I BELIEVE IN GODS SUCH AS ANUBIS DOESN'T MEAN I APPROVE OF THEM!

SHOOT FROM A DISTANCE, AND DO NOT MISS! GOOD LUCK... AND GOOD HUNTING!



AND SOON...

I CAN SEE CLIFFS AHEAD... STRANGE, WHITE CLIFFS! MAKE READY TO GO ASHORE!

... AND PRAY ANKHNON'S SILVER ARROW IS INDEED MAGIC!

OH, MARCUS... MARCUS... WHY DID YOU COME? ARE YOU SO EAGER TO DIE? I TRIED TO SPARE YOU THIS... FOR, NO MATTER HOW GOOD, OR STRONG, OR WISE, NO MAN CAN DO WHAT YOU ARE ATTEMPTING!



LOOK, SIR! THERE SHE IS! STAKED OUT LIKE BAIT IN A TRAP! SHALL WE LAND ELSEWHERE, OR...?

SOON DETAILS ON THE SHORE WERE VISIBLE... AND THEY SAW THAT THE CLIFFS WERE COMPOSED OF HUMAN BONES... THE COUNTLESS BONES OF ALL THE DEAD OF FIFTY CENTURIES OF AN ANCIENT RACE...

NO! WE GO ASHORE RIGHT HERE! LET US SEE IF OUR GOOD ROMAN STEEL CAN BREAK THE TEETH OF THIS TRAP!

THE ROMANS WERE AFRAID, BUT THEIR DISCIPLINE HELD. AT A SIGNAL FROM MARCUS, THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SURF, AND, FORMING THEIR IMPENETRABLE PHALANX, MARCHED ASHORE...

IMMEDIATELY, THEY WERE ATTACKED, BUT BY CREATURES OF FLESH AND BLOOD...



FLINGING
THE GIRL
ASIDE, THE
WOLF GOD
ATTACKED...

...AND MARCUS
WAS SHAKEN
ENOUGH TO
FORGET THE
ARROW AND
USE HIS
SHORT
SWORD...

NO! IT
CANNOT
BE!

AGAIN HE
DESTROYED
THE MASK
OF ANUBIS
BUT THIS
TIME...

ANKHNON
WAS RIGHT!

HIS BLADE FLASHED AS ANUBIS
LEAPED AT HIS THROAT...

THEN, WITH THE HELPLESS FEEL-
ING OF ONE TRAPPED IN A NIGHT-
MARE, HE FELT RAZOR-SHARP
FANGS RIPPING AT HIS JUGULAR...
A WAVE OF DIZZINESS SWEEP
OVER HIM, THEN EVERYTHING GREW
DARK...

...AND HE OPENED HIS
EYES A MOMENT LATER
TO SEE...

...PUNCHED THROUGH...
AND HE'S
STILL COMING!

AAARGH!

WEAK AND FAINT, MARCUS
REMEMBERED THE ARROW...



...AS THE SHARP TEETH
OF ANUBIS FOUND THE
GIRL'S THROAT...



...BUT A SECOND LATER THE ROMAN
LET FLY THE SILVER SHAFT OF THE
WISE ANKHNON, STRIKING THE GOD-
BEAST SQUARELY IN THE HEART!



AS HE DIED, ANUBIS
BEGAN TO
CHANGE...



...FROM WOLF'S
HEAD TO AN INCREDIBLY
OLD MAN... THEN TO A GRINNING
SKULL, WHICH CRUMBED AND
DISSOLVED INTO A CLOUD OF DUST...

NOW YOU'VE DONE
IT! OH, MARCUS!
HE IS
DEAD!

AT
LAST!

ABOARD
THE SHIP
IT WAS A
SIMPLE
MATTER
TO
REMOVE
HER CHAINS...

CONFIDENTLY, THEY
SET SAIL FOR THE
LAND OF THE LIVING...
BUT THAT NIGHT, SOMETHING
HAPPENED, AND
THEY KNEW THAT THEY
COULD NOT RETURN
TO A NORMAL LIFE...

M-MY HANDS!

THE NEXT MORNING...

IT MUST HAVE
BEEN THE BITE
OF ANUBIS...
NOW WE ARE
AS HE
WAS...
OH, MARCUS!
WHAT
ARE
WE? GODS
... OR
MONSTERS?

THEY SWERVED TO
THE EAST AND PASSED
BETWEEN ROME AND
GREECE, LANDING IN
A MOUNTAINOUS AREA
OF THE CONTINENT...



...AND THAT IS THE
STORY OF WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED TO MARCUS
ANTONIUS AND CLEOPATRA!
THEY SETTLED IN THE
BALKANS, AND ARE STILL
ALIVE (OR DEAD OR
LIVING DEAD, DEPENDING
ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW)
IN A REGION THAT HAS
SINCE COME TO BE
CALLED
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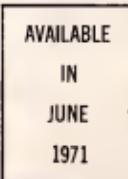
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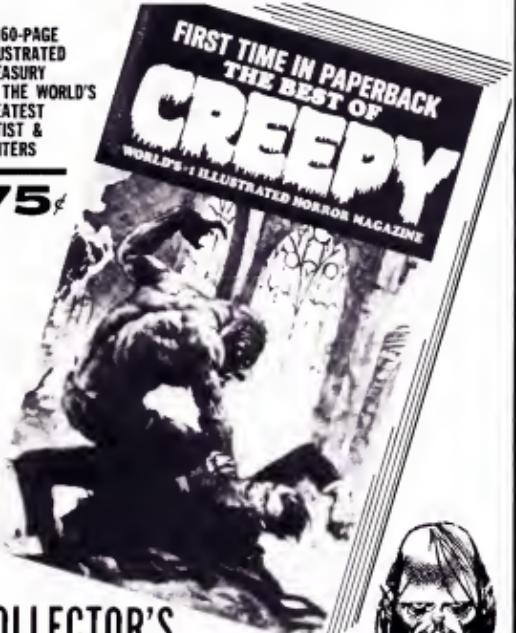
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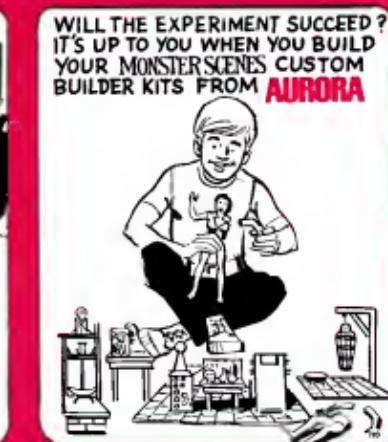
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